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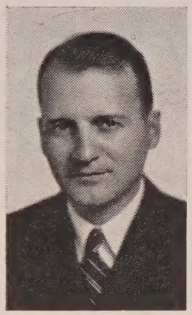
"Man without God cannot endure democracy"

The Choice Before Us

by John Bright



"Choose you this day whom ye will serve; . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Josh. 24:15).

These are the words of a bold, tough-minded man who did not fear to stand alone. They have the character of a Patrick Henry saying, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!" They might well serve as an example to all leaders of men who wait for a Gallup poll before consulting conscience.

Yet the story from which they are taken is a most antique story, seemingly as far removed from the year of grace 1952 as possible. It tells of events which occurred some 3,200 years ago. To the modern mind, it has the flavor of potsherds, dust, and the dullest lectures on archaeology.

Nor is it a pretty story, if one read the whole of the book of Joshua. The smell of smoke and the stench of rotting flesh hang over it, and there is precious little here to edify the Christian conscience. The men of the Israelite tribal league, fired by a fanatical faith in their God and lured on by the vision of a Promised Land, have burst across the Jordan into Palestine with irresistible force, ravaged the land, and made themselves masters of it. Now they are gathered at the ancient shrine of Shechem to reaffirm their faith in the God who gave the victory.

And what transpires there is altogether the strangest transaction. Joshua, the old combat commander, presides. In a long speech he reminds the people of all God has done for them in the past, and then puts one question on which the national destiny will depend: Will you stick by the God who has given

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you the victory—or will you get you a new god? "Choose you this day whom ye will serve. . . ."

I

A strange story indeed! Yet it comes to us almost as a parable for this mid-century. The words of the text are spoken to us, and they insistently seek their answer. For we know that *we stand now between great past and unknown future and must do some very deep choosing.* In fact, we are so conscious of the choice, and feel so strongly about it, that we have little need for a sermon.

1. Now we must resist the temptation to modernize the story of that ancient choice to make it relevant to our situation. Our problems are so little like the problems of these ancient Israelites that I am sure very little light will be shed from the story on our policy in Asia. Nor is the choice we face their choice. Who were these nameless, long-dead gods? What ideologies did they represent? In any case, they could have had not the slightest resemblance to Marxian communism. What is more, the whole mind-set of the story is essentially strange to the modern mind. How shall this solemn convocation to choose a god, this feeling that all the future depends on the choice, be read to a generation which never saw an idol and which at most was put to it to decide which denomination to join? Yet the parable is here, and not too difficult to see. For here is a people who, like ourselves, must stand before the heritage of the past and choose—for it or against.

2. As we hear the roll call of the mighty acts of God toward Israel, we are reminded that the past towers over us also. Ours is a past of mighty achievement the like of which was never seen on earth. I think of the whole upward struggle of Western civilization from the Dark Ages onward, of the stupendous energy which in two short centuries transformed this wilderness into a mighty nation. Truly we have crossed seas wider than the Red Sea, won victories such as Joshua never dreamed of, traversed deserts, mountains, and plains to come to this goodly land!

Nor was that merely a physical achievement; it was a pilgrimage of the spirit. We have climbed mountains of the spirit Sinai high. We have been given a heritage of faith—a heritage of faith in God and faith in man, of the freedom and the dignity of man, and of political forms to express those faiths. He who is insensitive to this heritage does not deserve to stand in 1952. All that weary journey was activated by a dream and a promise: Our ahead is the Promised Land! Vineyards and olive yards aplenty, houses full of all good things, freedom from want, freedom from fear! For "they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid."

3. Now we, as they, must stand and choose to veto or to ratify that past. "Midway on the journey of

our life" a certain uncertainty has seized us. We stand on this good land, yet the Promised Land of our hopes we have not found. It is elusive; it seems to be more than vineyards and olive yards. We are not sure that we know the way to this Promised Land of man's redemption.

And the strange gods step forward to offer their candidacy: new gods our fathers never heard of, gods as old as King Tut's tomb. The past, they tell us, is a delusion; faith in God and human freedom are out of date. New faiths for new situations! Follow us! We are the wave of the future; we will lead you straight down the glory road to this Promised Land.

The choice is one choice and a total choice. Behind the decisions by the million which make a man afraid to read his paper, there is this choice: Are the old faiths which so gloriously led the past adequate for the future—or shall we change to some new faith? "Choose you this day. . . ."

4. But finally, we see stout tribesmen who flatly, bluntly refused to abandon their God and their past. And if that be the point of the sermon, it would seem to leave me little to say. For your choice, I think, is quite as decided as theirs. I have no need to beg you not to choose communism; you have no intention of doing so; your choice is made, and mine is made with you. I have no need to urge you to cling to your free institutions; free institutions certainly have their faults, but at least they are for free men. Besides, have they not brought us more washing machines, automobiles, and indoor plumbing—and genuine achievement of happiness—than Karl Marx ever had in mind? No, a sermon on this choice is unnecessary. We do not need so large a boat to carry so many coals to Newcastle. Put the question, call for the vote, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve"; for choose we must, and our choice is made.

II

But we know that we shall have to choose more deeply than that if we would save ourselves. For the choice before us, like the choice before Israel, is not political but theological. The question is not merely communism or democracy; the question is, Who shall be Lord of the human spirit? *We are summoned first of all to choose against all false gods.*

1. It is important that we get the choice in focus. For unless we can see beyond the political choice, we shall not choose clearly, and we may even lapse into the grossest moral blindness. To be sure, it would be folly to minimize the political choice. It is very real. And as long as morality concerns religion, the church is desperately involved in that choice. But if we do not see more than the political choice, then all we have to choose against is communism, and all we have to choose for is capitalism. And we

shall have the greatest difficulty fitting God into it without embarrassment.

On the one hand, we may find the choice clear and, having made it, call on God to back it up. We may declare a sort of holy war against communism and summon God to take the side of the right. Then, since God is on our side, all anti-communist forces and policies are also on the side of God. This is perilously close to making God an accessory after the fact to our foreign policy—and we should know that he won't accept the position.

On the other hand, since political choices are seldom clean, we may stand aside and not choose at all. After all, no political system is ordained of God. And if communism is sin, capitalism is not free from sin. Indeed, the sins of capitalism did much to produce communism. We may, then, since we cannot ask God to bless our sins, turn to confessing our sins and cleansing our hands before we bring him into the choice at all. But since we shall never be free of sin, that may mean that the church must always stand aside from the choice and say nothing. Thus the church of Christ becomes very like a nervous old lady wringing her hands on the fringes of a street fight—very nice and quite futile.

We are called to clearer choosing than that. The church can, and must, choose clearly against communism, and that precisely because her choice is more than a political one. She is called first to choose against a foe that was before communism was dreamed of, and that will be when, in the mercy of God, it shall have been sloughed off the body politic. She is called to choose against all false gods that lay claim to the human spirit.

2. It was to that choice that Israel was summoned, and the choice was all important. So strange is the antique story, it may be difficult for us to see how this was so. Indeed, as one reads of the brutal war of conquest, one may conclude that Israel's God was not one whit better than the others. Yet a difference there was, and it was great. Israel's God and the ancient paganisms were worlds apart. The more archaeology tells us of Canaanite paganism, the clearer that is. It has been well said that the gap separating our religion from that of ancient Israel is less than that separating Israel from her contemporary environment. This amazing statement is soberly true. It was all the difference between a religion that dignified the human spirit and one that degraded it. On the one hand were gods who were personalizations of natural forces who summoned man not at all beyond his animal nature, even fostered that animal nature. On the other was a God high above nature, ruling all history by his righteous will, who summoned man to peoplehood and destiny.

It was anything but a nice-nelly choice of denominations. It was vastly more important than any con

ceivable political decision Joshua might have made. How it affected Israel's political fortunes, I do not know; but it was life or death for Israel's spirit. In her choice of God, Israel has survived all political vicissitudes until the present day, bestowing a blessing on all the world. Had she chosen paganism, she would have sunk out of memory into the limbo where lurk Hivite, Perizzite, and Girgashite, and the heritage of Christ and the prophets would never have existed. A people purchases its future first of all by choosing against false gods.

3. We know that the real foe today is no political or economic system, but a false god. The ultimate evil in both Nazism and communism did not lie in state socialism, much as we may dislike that form of government. It did not lie in the fact that the political ambitions of Germany and then of Russia conflicted with our own. It lay in the fact that, in both, the state became a false god, laying total claim to the human spirit and thus usurping the authority that belongs to God alone. In this all their moral evil consists.

This false and total claim of the secular power was perfectly expressed in a motto I once saw in a wrecked schoolhouse in a wrecked German village nestling among the dragon's teeth of the Siegfried Line. It was inscribed over the door where the little people might see it as they entered, and where it might permeate their minds. It read: *Du bist nichts, das Volk ist alles.* ("You are nothing, the people"—that is, the race, the nation—"is everything.") And it seemed to me that here was the nub of it, here was the heart of the quarrel. It was not that they were wholly evil while we were wholly good; it was far more than a question of who should have the

"The fact that we cry, 'Christ or chaos!' and the fact that nobody wants chaos, does not at all mean that we have chosen Christ!"

Polish Corridor. It was that here a false god laid total claim to the spirit of man and degraded it to a "nothing." And that is a notion of man wholly opposite to that other notion: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights."

4. We are summoned to choose against all such false gods as we value the future of mankind. They have infinite power to destroy their worshipers. For where they are worshiped, there is moral law destroyed, there is the divine image in man mutilated. We are warned to learn anew the meaning of the prophet insistence that idolatry is the essence of sin.

Is that a theological abstraction? Take the case of the late Johann Schmidt. He was a German. He was, like so many of his people, an essentially decent man; he was intelligent, well-educated, lived in a

house much like your own, and was very fond of children. But he made the mistake one day of bowing down to a false god, and his god began to make him into a new sort of person. His god dressed him in boots and taught him to fight. And in the winter of 1944 he lunged ahead with his comrades into the white hell of the Belgian Ardennes. So it was that on the height above Malmédy (or perhaps in a stable at Stavelot) he knelt in the snow, pressed the trigger of his tommy gun, and poured a stream of lead into ranks of unarmed prisoners until none stirred. His conscience? It did not hurt him. He had long ago surrendered conscience to his god; by now his CO *was* his conscience. Thus Hans Schmidt achieved the mutilation of his immortal soul, all the essential decency of him degraded to the beast, not because of his race or politics, but because he had committed the sin in which all sin consists: he had bowed down to a false god.

Nor is the case of Ivan Ivanovitch greatly different. Of course, he never heard of God. But his soul was filled with a Slavic mystic longing for his Lord worthy of a Dostoevski. And a god he found, and to it he prostrated himself. And he emerged into a moral twilight, a region of "newspeak" where words have no meaning, a lie equals the truth, and good is what is at the moment expedient. Thus Ivan's whole life became a lie, the divine image in him defaced, not because he is a Russian and has certain political views, but because he too had surrendered himself to an idol.

Now we did, and must, oppose Hans and Ivan—and that with all necessary means. But first of all we must oppose them with a choice that tells us their god is a thumping, unvarnished, unmitigated Lie. The commandment is spoken: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." We shall first secure the future by choosing against all false gods. We will answer with Israel (Josh. 24:16): "Far be it from us that we should forsake the Lord to serve other gods."

III

But you say: What is the need of preaching that to me? I am not about to choose one of these foreign gods.

Well then, choose you this day whom you *will* serve. For *there will be no negative choosing.* The text summons Israel, and us, to *a positive choice for the true God.* For it is he who gave us the heritage of the past and he only can save us in the future. Let us get it straight: the fact that we cry, "Christ or chaos!" and the fact that nobody wants chaos, does not at all mean that we have chosen Christ!

1. We choose, like Israel, for our heritage. We must understand that it is in the truest sense the gift of God. Perhaps this can never be as startlingly real to us as it was to the author of Joshua. We live at comfortable remove from the age

miracles, and it would be difficult to prove to us that all the material benefits we enjoy are indeed given by God. We rather had the idea our own skill and energy were largely responsible. Be that as it may, we know that our heritage is neither washing machines nor hard-surface roads. We could be poorer in these things and still be a great people. The real heritage is of the spirit: human rights, faith in the dignity of man, free institutions to express this faith. It is well summed up in Jefferson's words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." Without this heritage we could never be a great people; if it were lost, the best that we have would be lost.

When I say this heritage is in the truest sense the gift of God, I speak soberly. For it is rooted and grounded in faith. Jefferson could never have said, "All men are equal," or, "All men have unalienable rights," without saying the whole sentence. For Jefferson did not base human rights in man himself, or in the state, but in God. In fact, he spoke as the heir of a culture which had from its beginning naïvely assumed: There is a God; all men are his creatures and subject to his moral law.

But it is the fatuous delusion of the modern American that this sentence of Jefferson's is divisable. He chooses for liberty, for the rights of man, and will fight for them. He abhors the state god. But he has not chosen God. It is not that he has denied God; he has merely found him unnecessary. He needs no God to cleave Jordan in twain when a Bailey bridge will do; he needs no God to flatten Jericho's walls—he's got bombs! He is used to working his own miracles, and he feels able to defend his own liberties. In short, he is avidly eating the fruit of the tree of liberty while burning the wood for fuel—and merely flying in the face of all logic.

2. But the heritage is indivisible. Man who does not choose God cannot long maintain his faith in man. He has already ripped the logical basis from under it. In truth, if Jefferson had said simply, "All men are equal," it would have been downright silly. For the most casual observation will tell one that all men are *not* by nature equal—neither in health nor wealth nor ability nor character nor opportunity, nor in any other way. It is true that the state can make men equal before its laws. But what the state can confer, the state can take—and has taken —away. Unless equality rests in a power above the state, it simply does not exist. And sooner or later realistic men will see this and will reason that, since all men are *not* equal, it is high time for the master races (or classes) to rule the slaves.

Further, unless there be a God to guarantee them, man has, frankly, no "unalienable rights." If man be not a creature of God, then he is a child of nature. And what rights does nature guarantee her children?

The right to life? Not even the right to survive! The right to liberty? I can lock my dog up, and the Gestapo can lock me up. The right to the pursuit of happiness? The right to root, hog, or die! To be sure, the state can confer rights on its citizens;

"The modern American . . . is avidly eating the fruit of the tree of liberty while burning the wood for fuel."

but what the state can confer, it can take away. Be it remembered, Jefferson asserted the rights of man flatly against a state that refused to guarantee any such thing. Unless human rights rest in a power above the state, they are simply not "unalienable." To speak of them as if they existed in themselves is unutterable nonsense.

I know that faith in the dignity of man does not vanish suddenly by logic. Thank God, it is very tenacious. Men will make speeches about the rights of man generations after they have lost logical title to such a belief. Men will continue to be human because they have a recollection of a parent's recollection of a text learned in Sunday school: "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." But, I submit, their humanity has logically outlived itself. They are spiritual Last of the Mohicans; they are feeding on the last crusts of a Christian heritage, and when they are finished there will be none left.

3. So it is that man without God will not be able to defend his liberties. Liberty requires moral law, and man without God has no absolute moral law. He is a child of nature, and nature teaches him the law of the fist and the jungle. His only moral authority becomes the laws of the land (which he will know how to circumvent), and the force of public opinion (which is "as the morning cloud . . . that passeth away"). In short, he has liberty without moral law, and liberty without moral law is slavery and leads to slavery.

Man without God cannot endure democracy. His democracy will become a chaos of warring rights in which liberty equals—my right to push my interests as far into yours as I dare. It is that schism of society—class struggle, race hatred, militant self-interest—which is the death agony of democracy. Men will hate that democracy; they will cry for a hard master: Since I am nothing and alone, do thou make me something—and give me a bone. Since I cannot manage freedom, do thou discipline freedom. Since I have no law in me or above me, do thou be my law and my god! Then will we learn for ourselves that idolatry is the essence of sin. We will peer over the edge of the abyss "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," whither Hans and Ivan have already gone—the divine image lost beyond recall.

4. Further, man without God is condemned forever to fear the tools he creates, even the weapons he fashions for his own defense. For these, too, cry out for moral law. To be sure, this is not the time to cast aspersions upon material power. We shall perhaps not defend these liberties with words only. He who walks in a jungle does not go unarmed. But it is most peculiar the way we first looked to our material achievement as if it were a messiah to save us and have now taken to cringing before it as if it were a devil to damn us. Material tools have no moral power either to save or to damn; that power rests with man, their creator and user. Even that black, lethal, atomic Thing has no moral power. Made by men, it will take men to set it off. You do not fear *it;* you fear *men.* And men cry out for moral law.

I read recently that one of the atomic scientists declared that use of the H Bomb would be a betrayal of morality. Quite so! But I found myself laughing a most un-funny laughter as I read. To what morality did the learned doctor refer? That of decent America—where nice people simply don't drop bombs on other persons? The morality of expediency, which would find such a thing bad for world trade? The morality of the UN? And who enforces that? I do not, in fact, know what moral law this scientist believes in and referred to; but if he did not have in mind an absolute moral law, then his words were a cry of despair. Even the H Bomb cries for a moral law to bow down to; it repeats the words of the text, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

5. The salvation of man awaits his choosing for the one, universal moral law, the law of God. It is the only law above class struggle, national rivalry, race hatred—the only law capable of uniting mankind into a redemptive community of world brotherhood. In obedience to that law is the only hope of man.

Do not tell me that I have not proved to you that such a God and such a law exist. I know that I have not. No Einstein formula exists for doing it. No man stood in Creation and beheld its mystery, that he should tell you. But to make such a demand is to fail to grasp the meaning of Christian faith altogether. The call of the text is not: Hear these arguments, debate these hypotheses. The call of the text is, "Choose you. . . ." And that is not a summons to behold the provable,

"Our fathers, we like to think, were men obedient to the will of God; we are men of good will. Will our children, for our failure, be willful men?"

but to commit life and national destiny to that which is neither seen nor proved.

But this choosing is man's act of saving faith. It is well said that man is saved through faith. And it is the voice of faith when man says:

Though I do not even know who I am, I will not live as an animal; I choose to live as man created in the image of God. Though I cannot prove the existence of moral law, I choose to serve the highest law I know—I will not serve myself. Though God and his Kingdom are a shore dimly seen, I choose to "live forever after the manner of that Kingdom, having nothing to do with any other." To that Kingdom I surrender my tools, my weapons, my possessions, my self, my will: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven"!

Truly in choosing for God is the hope of mankind; "truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel."

IV

But we cannot end without solemn warning: *mere choosing is not enough. The story leads straight to covenant,* binding individual and group in solemn responsibility to God forevermore. There choice must always lead, or it is no choice—only wishful thinking.

1. We must understand that this is the significance of Joshua's action. He hears their facile choice for God and fairly wheels on the people: "Ye cannot serve the Lord: for he is a holy God; he is a jealous God" (Josh. 24:19). You haven't got what it takes to choose; you don't know what you are choosing! You are not choosing a convenient policy for continuing prosperity; you are choosing a God and a responsibility of which you will never be rid! And when they protest (vs. 24), "The Lord our God will we serve, and unto his voice will we hearken," he leads them to the altar and makes covenant with them before God. That covenant is a twofold vow: of eternal loyalty to the worship of that God, and of implicit obedience to his commands in righteousness.

Let this responsibility fall heavily on our conscience. For we have not known ourselves, nor believed in ourselves, as a church. We have thought the church a fussy, old-fashioned, respectable thing: a Sunday morning amenity of polite society, a place of sermons, suppers, and meetings. We have not realized in what true sense she is the very pillar of society. For so long as the choice of faith stands at the center of history, the people of that faith must stand there too. The liberties, the freedoms, we prize rest in a faith in God; and you, church of Christ, are called to see yourselves as the people of that faith. There is life in you, and the issues of life! The paganism you fear will not be voted into your midst; it will slink in, sneak in, infiltrate as into a house swept and garnished, when the worship of the true God grows cold. Go down, therefore, to Shechem's altar and make covenant with that God to serve him evermore!

2. The covenant is *loyalty.* We shall defend the heritage of the spirit first of all by loyalty to the faith in which it rests. I do not refer merely to loyalty to the church organization, which raises money

builds buildings, and puts over programs of progress. That loyalty we understand and can deliver. I refer to a deeper loyalty, a loyalty to the faith itself.

Faith is not self-propagating. It can slip away amid a fever flush of church prosperity. It is slipping away while we whine of the inroads of communism but propagate our own faith with rather less than half the zeal a communist displays. It is slipping away while we boast of it with not half the pride we have for business, family, and material possessions; while we export it with considerably less energy than we do Hollywood films; while we teach it to our children with scarcely the precision with which we inculcate table manners.

Each man of us is summoned to greater zeal, more diligent responsibility for his faith. The Christian religion—let us realize it—is always within one generation of extinction. If one generation fails of its duty, it can, humanly speaking, die. Our fathers, we like to think, were men obedient to the will of God; we are men of good will. Will our children, for our failure, be willful men? If we thus allow the light of the world to flicker and grow dim, we shall be "witnesses against ourselves." And the God of history, whose judgment is history, will write our epitaph: "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth, and thy want as an armed man."

3. The covenant is also *obedience, brotherhood, and righteousness.* We shall defend our heritage of faith in God and in man by exhibiting it in daily practice. Now it may seem needless to urge that faith must issue in brotherly practice. That is a commonplace of all true religion and always has been. Yet I fear that we are sometimes so concerned to stress the great doctrines of faith that we make brotherly practice a sort of scholarly footnote to religion which the hasty reader may skip. This the covenant faith forbids. The covenant tells us that faith and practice are the opposite sides of the same coin; one cannot have heads without having tails. If we do not earnestly exhibit our faith in daily practice, we shall not long keep it.

"Faith and practice are the opposite sides of the same coin; one cannot have heads without having tails."

We are called this day to greater *responsibility* for the faith, for the freedom of man, in act and deed. Wherever such responsibility is not assured, there that faith is slipping away. Wherever men claim their rights and take that to mean their right to place dollars above rectitude; wherever men mouth of equality and behave as if they really believed in master races; wherever men in the interest of their rights further the schism of society, whether

through political action, business policy, or just plain snobbery—there is the freedom of man, there is faith in God, slipping away.

We are called this day under the covenant to bridge the schism of society, and that not in high-sounding theory but in practice. The call is to you and to me, today and tomorrow, wherever we meet our brother—associate, employer, employee, servant, neighbor—there to exhibit the Christian doctrine of man. We are to reach out of our hearts, at the command of our God, to make us again one covenant, one brotherhood. And if we do not, if we cannot, we shall in dangerous times bring our busy religion to God and cry, "Save us from history's judgment, for we are thy church!" And for an answer we shall hear awful words: "Depart from me. . . . I never knew you!"

That brings us back to you and me—the individual. For, in the last analysis, only the individual can stand before faith and heritage to choose for or against. There will be no electors at Shechem or at Washington to cast your ballot for you. No church court or congress can absolve you of the vote. The choice for freedom, for man, for God, will be made in the spirits of free men, and only these deserve their freedom. The choice is finally made when the individual man chooses: "I know not what course others may take. . . . But as for me and my house. . . . Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen!"

Do not say that it is a small thing that you do. It shall be written of the man who thus chooses that he has done what he *could*. And, indeed, he has done more for the freedom of man, for the redemption of man, than any number of sermons and speeches. He has done more than all Congress to insure that "government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

What is vastly more, he will find *himself*. Rising above the swine and the tiger in him, the strutting Superman and the sniveling slave, he will know at last *who he is:* a creature of infinite dignity and infinite worth, man made in the image of God, whose whole end it is "to glorify God and enjoy him forever." And a loud voice will speak in his conscience: "Well done, good and faithful servant! Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve." It is your question. You will give it answer this day before the Shechem altar of your heart and of your home, for yourself and for your house. May God bless and support your choosing!

The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing! **—Edmund Burke**

SEAGOING CHAPEL

If you should go aboard the ships of the fleet, you would find the men attending services in mess halls, on gun turrets, in recreation halls, or in the Officers' Wardroom. In a matter of minutes functional compartments are transformed into churches afloat, and Navy men are given an opportunity to attend divine services.

The British Navy goes one step further, maintaining permanent chapels on their ships.

And now one ship in the U.S. Navy has its own permanently operated chapel, beautifully appointed and liturgically correct. This chapel, formerly the Pilot's Ready Room, is on board the escort carrier "Corregidor."

The U.S.S. "Corregidor" is a busy, bustling flattop engaged in the

The Link is distributed by Chaplain Harold MacNeil to the crew members of the Military Sea Transportation Service's escort carrier "Corregidor."

business of ferrying jet fighter planes to the members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

But there is one spot far from the tumult on deck where a man can think, meditate, and gain strength. Hidden below the flight deck and insulated against the turbulent sounds of the ship, is the chapel.

When Captain George I. Heap reported aboard, he decided the ship should have a spiritual center. Captain Heap believed that since the "Corregidor" was to carry Mutual Defense Assistance Program aid to the members of NATO, it should have the ideological qualities for such a mission. He heartily approved the plans of ship chaplain Harold MacNeil to develop a permanent chapel. In fact, the whole idea spread throughout the crew.

Soon the sailmaker was contributing dorsal drapes, the shipfitter installing flagpole fittings, the laundry keeping the linens spotlessly clean; and an off-duty sailor with a paint brush touched up the bulkheads.

The men were engaging in voluntary co-operative experience, and morale was improving. The chapel was becoming a center for sharing experiences and for expressing faith in action.

No matter how large man may build a ship, it is still a tiny spot on the surface of the ocean. This is realized by all those who leave a sheltered harbor for the open sea. A chapel on a ship, such as the one on the "Corregidor," seems the natural way to tie together man's insignificance and God's omnipotence. Deep water worship has a significance not found in land-locked communities.

The ships of the Military Sea Transportation Service travel to almost every accessible port this side of the Iron Curtain. You can imagine the excitement created when an aircraft carrier loaded with jet planes pulls into a port such as Copenhagen, Denmark. The citizens, when conditions permit, are anxious to see anything American.

The officers and men of the "Corregidor" proudly show them their chapel.

"The Child Shall Be King, One Day"

O dear little Christ in the manger,
Let me make merry with thee.
O King, in my hour of danger,
Wilt thou be strong for me?

—From a Latin song of the Nativity by Jacopone da Tod

EDITORIAL

Guest editor: Joseph C. Dana

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."

Pagan mythology is filled with stories of gods who take on human form. Venus rises out of the ocean a fully matured woman. Zeus strolls down from Olympus and sports among the daughters of the land.

But our religion starts with a child who was born—a child who was to grow up amid the influences that surround us, a child who must choose his way and his work as we have had to, a child who was to know hunger and sorrow and pain as we have never been asked to know them. How comforting it is that when God came to us in Jesus Christ, he came not as a majestic figure strolling grandly in on a sunny afternoon and retreating to safety as the clouds rolled in, but as a child who would have to face all there is to life, just as you and I did, just as our children do! At the first Christmas in Bethlehem a child was born to us.

That child grew up withstanding all the diseases and temptations of youth until at thirty years of age he had a message that surpassed all the former wisdom. He faced the tempests and trials of adult life and conquered them so perfectly that he could face the death of the cross and still forgive. Superhuman? No. Here was no god just down from the heights for a day of masquerade. Here was human life as it can be lived when possessed by the Spirit of God. *Unto us a child is born.*

But as we remember this perfect human life, let us not forget that *unto us a Son is given.* This is the other half of the mystery of the Incarnation. God was in this life. The true and only God of the universe. The creator, the sovereign, the sustainer, and now the redeemer God. How that could happen I cannot tell; the ways of God are past my understanding. All I know is that the prophet Isaiah had the whole idea neatly clasped in this utterance, which signifies more than he himself meant by it. This life—the life of the very Son of God—was given to us.

This is not a favor we had coming. We don't deserve to sit at the feet of a Saviour. But somehow—just as we love noisy, careless, unheeding, and often ungrateful children—so God loves us even in our noisy clamoring for fame, our mad rush for fortune, our unheeding waste of the beauties of our world, and our ungrateful boasting of our worth. Somehow God loves us enough to save us from ourselves. Eight hundred years before Christ came, a lonely prophet knew that only God himself could do that.

"Unto us a child is born." Yes, but also, "Unto us a Son is given." Whatever else Christmas means this year, let it mean that to us.

GI Ambassadors

by Alyce M. Mullen

There is much talk about the evils that accompany our fighting and occupation forces, with an unfortunate tendency to overlook what hundreds of service men and women are doing to create friendship and Christian fellowship with peoples of other countries.

These young men and women are providing funds to rebuild churches and schools, assisting in postwar reconstruction, "adopting" families, and in some cases legally adopting orphans. They are GI ambassadors of good will.

In Japan, for example, funds from American GI's made possible the construction of a new church at Chitaose, a small village on Hokkaido Island. Beginning with only twenty-five members, this church is expected to become the center of Christian evangelism for a new settlement project which will bring two million people to the area within the next ten years.

Men of the Fortieth Division, U.S. Army, collected $5,000 in their chapel services to be used in the building of a small memorial chapel in northern Honshu, Japan, where Chaplain Robert Crane, who was killed in action, had planned to devote his life as a missionary after release from the Army.

A young Korean came to Chaplain Richard D. Cleaves of the First Marine Aircraft Wing one day to appeal for help for a small, war-ravaged community of Christians in a near-by village.

Chaplain Cleaves went with him to investigate and found a disorganized band of about forty-five Christians at the village of Ochon. They met in a small, mud-walled building, a good hour's walk from their homes. He talked to members of the church and promised to help them if they in turn would do their share.

At his Sunday morning chapel services for the marines, Chaplain Cleaves told them about the Christian villagers and was quickly provided with sufficient funds to purchase a plot of ground in the village. Then, in traditional marine style, they scrounged, borrowed, and produced lumber, glass, mortar, and furniture.

Construction of the new church began soon after; and the building

complete with "stateside" windows, pulpit, stove, and wooden floors, was finished in two months.

In early January of last year, Chaplain Earl F. Johns was approached by men of the 529th Aircraft Control and Warning Squadron, and by men of a unit of the 1,811th Airways and Air Communications Service Group, requesting that he spearhead the campaign for a church to replace the straw-thatched hut some Okinawans were using for worship. He readily agreed, and they plunged into the task. In their free afternoons, evenings, and week ends, the men assisted in the construction and collected the $3,050 necessary for the purchase of materials and the employment of Okinawan labor for special work.

Throughout the construction year many of the airmen who originally started the campaign returned to the United States for new assignments, but new airmen arrived and took up the project. Lighting fixtures, pews to replace the benches, and other equipment are being constructed or procured as the men continue to spend their off-duty time assisting in the program and giving their money to purchase what they cannot build.

It would be interesting to know how many Americans at home could accomplish with their tithe what two Army nurses stationed in Kyoto,

Men of the 175th Military Police Battalion in Germany prepare to "baby-sit" with the children of the Waiblingen Orphanage while the deaconesses visit the unit's Service Club and attend Protestant services of Chaplain John A. Kingsbury. Chaplain Kingsbury adopted a four-year-old boy from the orphanage.

Chaplain Edwin R. Weidler, right, and Chaplain Ernest R. Lineberger, Jr., left, attend the dedication of a Methodist orphanage in Korea which was founded by Chaplain Weidler with the help of marines stationed near by.

Japan, are doing with part of their monthly pay. They buy books and Christian pamphlets for a Japanese minister, who distributes them to patients in tuberculosis hospitals. They also help two Japanese girls complete their studies at Doshisu Seminary and partially support the family of a Japanese pastor who works in a slum area where his congregation is unable to pay him.

Eight Japanese musicians entered Tokyo Conservatory this fall to begin a four-year course under a scholarship fund set up by a young American pianist who served with the armed forces in Japan. The GI started the fund with the proceeds from a piano recital he gave at Tokyo's Hibiya Hall. Now discharged, he plans to return to Japan and continue giving recitals to augment the fund.

The men at Camp Younghans, Japan, are carrying out an unusual project. With the help of the two Protestant chaplains at the camp they are conducting weekly Bible classes for seventy to eighty Japanese young people in the near-by town of Yamanobe. In addition to this regular project, the boys make trips to near-by orphanages with ice cream and cookies and try to supply many of the material needs of the children.

These young men make up one of the many United Fellowship groups.

GI's have a special spot in their hearts for the small fry—not just American youngsters, but children of any nationality.

Men of the Headquarters, 136th Fighter-Bomber Wing, under the leadership of Chaplain Alfred Allen presented 90,000 yen (approximately $270) to a public nursery school for Japanese farm children. The fund started when a small group of men provided a Christmas party for the children at the nursery and gave a donation from the Protestant Chaplain's Fund for the much needed playground equipment.

On a warm day in June 1951 a North Korean refugee came to K-6 Air Base seeking a tent for the Onyang Presbyterian Church, whose building was completely demolished. While he was there he told of numerous children who were without shelter, food, and clothing. A tent was furnished, and personnel of the K-6 Air Base gathered food and clothing. They wrote to various churches and organizations as well as to their homes regarding the need for an orphanage for these children. Men on Anderson Air Base on Guam and Tachikawa and Johnson Air Bases on Japan also contributed.

In less than a year the orphanage, which was named the "Onyang Brenner Orphanage" after Chaplain Arthur Brenner, who headed the project, occupied two large brick buildings, with classrooms.

Plans call for expanding the present grammar school into a Christian high school and later a college.

Poking around the grounds of an old Japanese estate, two sailors from Atsugi Naval Base were suddenly surprised to find themselves surrounded by a countless number of ragged, sad-faced youngsters. They learned that these children were babies abandoned by their American fathers and Japanese mothers, and that they were being cared for entirely on the meager income of one Japanese woman.

The two sailors reported back to their fellow seamen and to their chaplain, Carl L. Sullenberger, stationed at the Atsugi Naval Base.

The campaign was on.

Gallon pickle jars were placed in mess halls and recreation rooms. Boxes and posters were put at strategic points around the Navy installation, and sermons on the project were given in the chapel.

In less than a week $1,000 was collected, plus countless quantities of clothing, toys, soap, and canned milk, and the boys made numerous trips to the Orphanage to visit the children. Recently personnel at the Army hospital in Tokyo have contributed generously to the cause.

Wherever he has been, the GI has left behind him the reputation of being "soft-hearted." But it is more than just "soft-heartedness"; it is the result of the influence of Christian principles on his life in the United States.

All ages are represented in the congregation leaving the Yontan Christian Church on Okinawa, which was built with the help of airmen of the Twentieth Air Force and their friends.

The Rabbinate Reports for Duty

Extracts from a report by
RABBI ARYEH LEV

Director, Division of Religious Activities
National Jewish Welfare Board

WHATEVER NAME is ultimately given to the struggle that began in Korea in June 1950, it is now plain that we are involved in a tough combat situation against a merciless enemy who gives no sign of weakness. Call it police action or call it war, the fact is that the United States has 3,500,000 men under arms and a casualty toll of more than 100,000. This makes it serious business for those who direct and bear the brunt of the struggle as well as for those who must back up our fighting men with weapons, supporting equipment, and morale.

Morale, among other things, means chaplains. The importance of the military chaplain in sustaining the spirit of the service man and woman is acknowleged in and out of the armed forces. Military and religious leaders alike no longer ask, Shall we have military chaplains? Their only concern is, How shall we get as many chaplains as we need when we need them?

World War II experience taught the American rabbinate a valuable lesson. Working together through the Division of Religious Activities of the National Jewish Welfare Board, the rabbinical leaders determined that in the event of another international crisis requiring an increase in the armed forces, the rabbis would be mobilized immediately for chaplaincy service through a systematic, democratic, and all-inclusive plan. They were determined that next time—if there was to be a next time—when there was a Protestant chaplain for every thousand Protestants in the armed forces and a Catholic chaplain for every thousand Catholics, there would also be a Jewish chaplain for every thousand Jews.

In response to this pledge, the three rabbinical organizations called emergency conventions of their members to deal with the grave problem. The answer in all three groups was overwhelmingly favorable and magnificent. Unhesitatingly, the rabbis of America responded to the call for spiritual leadership for the Jewish youth of America

who were again being summoned to the colors.

Redemption of this solemn pledge required the solution of many problems and the answer to many questions. Should a strictly voluntary method of enlisting chaplains be employed? Should married rabbis with three and four children be separated from their families while young, unmarried rabbis remained in civilian pulpits? How could chaplaincy needs be met without crippling civilian congregational life, already plagued by a shortage of well-trained spiritual leaders? What about such problems as tenure, placement, and salary differential for rabbis who put on the uniform? What about the congregation whose rabbi went into the chaplaincy? How could proper temporary replacements be obtained, and how could a satisfactory continuance of the congregational program be assured? Under what system would the Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform groups provide chaplains in equitable proportions? How could the Army, Navy, and Air Force be sure that each would have the number of Jewish chaplains it needed as changing circumstances required revision of existing quotas?

These were crucial matters, and they were debated earnestly and at length. After consideration of all the questions involved, every rabbinical group came up with the same general answer: Conservative, Reform, and Orthodox rabbis all agreed to impose upon themselves voluntarily a selective service system for the Jewish military chaplaincy. They were unanimous in recognizing that this was the fairest, the most democratic, and the most realistic way of solving all the problems involved. Each rabbinical group agreed that as the armed forces made the rabbinate aware of the chaplaincy needs, each group would furnish its quota of rabbis in equal proportion. Under existing military regulations, each rabbi entering the chaplaincy would be expected to serve two years in uniform. When his term of service was completed, he would return to civilian life and another rabbi would take his place.

If, for reasons of personal hardship, some rabbis felt they should be exempt from military service, the rabbinical plan provided that their cases be heard by appeals boards of their colleagues. Once the rabbinical bodies made up their collective minds to proceed in this unprecedented manner, they were ready to impose sanctions if that became necessary. Happily, this was not necessary except in very few instances.

To insure a continuing flow of chaplains, the rabbinical organizations and their related rabbinical seminaries developed a program under which all eligible rabbinical graduates accept a two-year period of chaplaincy upon ordination and all students entering the seminaries recognize that chaplaincy service will become, in effect, their first pulpits.

These actions were not the measures of militarists, but of men dedicated to the service of God, who loathe war, who want peace for themselves and for all mankind, who have a sense of loyalty and obligation to their young people, and who are determined to be at the side of their young people at all times and under all circumstances.

Two years have now gone by since this unique, selfless, and quietly dramatic decision was reached by the rabbis of America and turned over to their rabbinical groups and to the Jewish Welfare Board's Division of Religious Activities for implementation. After two years of testing, what are the results?

In August 1950 there were 19 Jewish military chaplains in the armed forces. On September 1, 1952, there were over 100, and by November 1 the current quota for Jewish military chaplains will al most certainly be filled. Three chap lains have already completed their two-year tours of duty and are back with their civilian congregations. Four more will be separated from the armed forces before the end of 1952. During 1953 another 28 will complete their service. As each of these chaplains doffs the uniform, another young rabbi will assume the task that the veteran has just given up. From a strictly mechanical and functional viewpoint, the system is working perfectly.

From the standpoint of coverage, Jewish men in the service are being ministered to by rabbis in uniform to an extent unknown in previous American military history. The goal of having one Jewish chaplain on duty for each thousand Jews in service is in sight. Thirty Jewish chaplains are overseas, including seven in Korea. Added to the approximately seventy full-time Jewish chaplains serving in the States are nearly 150 civilian rabbis who serve as officially recognized auxiliary chaplains at domestic military installations to which no full-time Jewish military chaplain is assigned. This spiritual force of 250 military and civilian rabbis functions at every spot in the world where American Jewish military personnel are stationed. American Jewry may be confident that no matter where their sons and daughters are serving with the armed forces, a rabbi intensely interested in and concerned with their spiritual welfare is available to them whenever desired or needed.

How is the morale of these men whose business is bolstering morale? What is the reaction of rabbis called to the chaplaincy?

Their sentiments were given con crete expression in a resolution adopted at a conference attended by many of these Jewish chaplains in Atlanta last February:

To all our civilian colleagues we send our warmest greetings. We want them to know that we have found in our military service a meaningful extension of our rabbinic service. We have found that our ministrations are answering a critical need in the lives

of the men we serve. The importance of this work in all its emotional and intellectual significance can be clear only to those who are now serving as chaplains or who have so served previously.

The story of the Jewish chaplaincy in the last two years is a refreshing chapter in modern Jewish history written by rabbis who have manifested an unparalleled understanding of the responsibilities of consecrated leadership. In spirit and in fact, unity and co-operation among Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform rabbis have been displayed in the chaplaincy program in a way that is unequaled in any other sphere of American Jewish community life.

Getting Along with People

I have taken my best pains not to laugh at men, not to find fault with them, not to ridicule them, not to be angry with them, but to understand them. —Baruch Spinoza

The good man does not grieve that other people do not recognize his merits. His only anxiety is that he may fail to recognize theirs. —Confucius

Ingratitude is one of the greatest of sins. Revenge is the returning of evil for evil, whereas ingratitude is the returning of evil for good. Revenge harms an enemy; ingratitude hurts a friend. —Alton B. Moody

It goes far toward making a man faithful to let him understand that you think him so; and he that does but suspect I will deceive him, gives me a sort of right to do so. —Seneca

Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great. —Ralph W. Emerson

I value and trust those who love and praise my aspiration rather than my performance. If you would not stop to look at me, but look whither I am looking and further, then my education could not dispense with your company. —Henry D. Thoreau

Against the great superiority of others there is no remedy but love. —Johann W. von Goethe

They Sang Their Way into American Hearts!

Edwin L. Kirtley *Chaplain, U.S. Army*

YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD those four Managbanag girls sing as a quartet on that stormy Christmas morning in 1944 on Leyte Island. They were singing to wounded American soldiers in a field hospital, going from one ward tent to another, singing Christmas carols and hymns. You should have seen the reactions of suffering, homesick men as they heard those heart-warming songs!

To me it seemed that the girls were outdoing themselves that morning. I had just informed them that I was determined to try to arrange for them to go to America to receive a Christian education.

Somehow, even then, I knew that their going was possible, in spite of the many obvious problems. There was a war going on, and I had my work to do.

These girls—Sarah, Ruth, Esther and Betty—were the daughters of an evangelist of the United Evangelical Church of the Philippines. Not only were they charming singers, with voices that harmonized most effectively, but they were so generous with their time! They visited the hospitals and sang their songs to the men lying on cots of suffering and brought comfort to these homesick men in this faraway part of the world. We invited them to sing special numbers in our worship services, and on occasions they sang at burials.

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But if they were to go to America, where would the money come from to send them? Sarah was married and had a little boy to care for. What would her husband think about this? Her voice at that time was the key voice in the quartet, and their chances for support depended upon their singing as a quartet.

Then, above all, would their parents consent to such an undertaking? These were a few of the problems, but somehow I felt all of them could be surmounted. And they were.

The girls continued to sing for our men on many occasions. In gratitude for their singing the men gave thousands of dollars for the missionary churches on Leyte. They gave to schools; they painted churches; they paid up the unpaid salaries of pastors; and they built churches. Of these gifts, however, very little was received by the girls themselves. They refused gifts and, instead, turned the money into channels of reconstruction for the church.

Before I left Leyte in the spring of 1945, I wrote a letter to Mrs. Harry B. Cooper, of the First Christian Church in Honolulu, T.H., in answer to her questions about the nature of the missionary work in Leyte.

After completing the letter, I decided to mimeograph it and send copies to fifty acquaintances among our people. I hoped they might notice the following paragraph about the four girls:

When I get home, I'm going to get some congregation to bring them to one of our church schools and support them in a Christian college education. My, what good they would do our churches back home who would have the privilege of hearing and of knowing them! What good they could do in our young people's conferences! What good they would do on returning to the Philippines as teachers, as mission workers, and as mothers in the Christian homes which they would have!

Just as I had hoped, this paragraph was the seed that fell upon good soil. I wish I could show everyone the letters this provoked. The project would live: these letters proved it!

Dr. Eugene S. Briggs, president of Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma, was one of the first to reply. He wrote:

So they all want a college education? We want to educate all of the workers that we can find who will help extend the Kingdom of God. I shall be happy indeed to go somewhat beyond the limits of our usual procedure in helping people of foreign birth to secure an education. Personally, I think I can assure you that I can assemble enough money to pay their transportation to Enid.

What more could I have hoped for? This beginning was in May 1945. That next fall I went on to Japan with our Occupation Army.

But while in Japan in December 1945, I was distressed to receive a

letter from the girls' father expressing his fear for the health of the girls. He wrote:

> Chaplain, the girls cannot go this year because we fear that they will meet some physical illness because of the abrupt change of the climate. So, if the chance you are giving the girls can be extended to the next year, they will go for the first semester, if God's will be so.

Isn't that just like a father who loves his daughters? I wish that you who know the girls could know their father, too, for the grand Christian that he is. Yes, their mother also—with such daughters, you know what a mother she must be!

The girls had their doubts and fears too. For example, they were afraid that I had exaggerated their abilities in representing them to others. One day I received a letter from Ruth:

> Every day our going to the States is becoming materialized, and I am doing the best I can, too, so that we shall never fail you, Chaplain. There is one thing we are afraid of: those people at Phillips might be expecting very much from us, more than we could really give, and they might be disappointed. I hope, Chaplain, that the "mighty wonderful things" that you've told them about us are really not more than we can do.

When I returned to Enid in March 1946, I spoke in a chapel program at Phillips University concerning the project of the Manag-banag sisters. The World Student Service Fellowship there accepted the project of raising two thousand dollars to bring the girls to the States and to school. The Cardinal Key organization in Phillips led the way in sponsoring the drive for funds, and one month later had raised over thirteen hundred dollars! What could fail with such people backing it up?

My first assignment after the war took me to The Presidio of San Francisco, California, where I lived with my wife and sons for two years. We considered this assignment a providential one, for we were so conveniently located to follow through on this project, in arranging the girls' voyage, in meeting them upon their arrival, in entertaining them in our home to acquaint them with our family, and in sending them comfortably on their way to be trained at Phillips University in Oklahoma.

During this first summer we were in San Francisco, I was invited to preach in nearly all our churches in the Bay region. This gave me the opportunity to tell these churches about the project.

In June 1946 I received a lovely letter from Sarah. She had made a decision about her coming to America:

> With God's help I am strong again after giving birth to a baby girl last April 24. Mother will stay with my husband and my children while I am away. My sisters were all worried i

wouldn't be easy for me to leave my baby, but I have made up my mind to go with them. I think I will be very strong by next month to make the trip, God willing. I know it will really need strong determination and courage to leave my little family, for I love it very much; but with prayer and supplication I can sacrifice that much for education for the Lord's work.

When I read this letter, I found deeper meaning in our Master's words: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

At about this same time Ruth wrote me the following:

So many of our friends have warned us of the unfriendly attitude we will encounter from some people there. I am really aware of this, for we had it manifested here by some of the GI's, but I told my friends, "I am not going to be afraid, and I am not going to mind if people snub me."

Actually there is only one fear I have, and that is if there should ever come a time when Jesus would not be my friend. I know that God is no respecter of persons. We may look ugly to human eyes, but to the eyes of God, who seeth the souls, we are all his own. After all, the reason that I am going there is to study and be more fully prepared to do his work. Truly our Christ is a Christ of love!

In answer to this letter I replied:

You mentioned that others told you to expect an "unfriendly attitude" here on the part of some people. I doubt that you will find anything of that nature. In fact, you have many, many new friends waiting here for you, who are supporting this project and who want to help you realize your life's dreams.

One incident which happened to the four girls has made a lasting impression on me, and I want to share it with you. The girls had gone to Manila to get their visas from the office in the Malacanan Palace. A curious clerk, on handing the completed visas to the girls, remarked, "Four sisters going to the United States to go to college for four years? You must be very rich?"

"Oh, no!" Ruth answered, "we are not rich—in fact, we are very, very poor—but our Heavenly Father is very rich."

I can add little about the girls' journey to the States, about their arrival in San Francisco, about the wonderful welcome given them by the California churches, about the four years spent in Phillips University, about Sarah's master's degree in home economics from Oklahoma A. & M. College, about Ruth's master's degree and Esther's and Betty's bachelor's degrees, about the several hundred churches visited by the girls in thirty-seven states, about their influence in the success of the WSSF program at Phillips, about Betty's honor in making *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities,* and about the host of other accomplishments of the girls.

This project is completed, but the

work of these young women in the Kingdom of God is only beginning.

They are all back in the Philippines making their contribution to the work for which they received special training in the States.

This story will never end, for it is a part of that eternal story which has no end. It is a portion of the unending story of that abiding "faith, hope, and love" in Christ. Thanks to all of you! Thanks be to God!

I Thank My God

Because in tender majesty
Thou cam'st to earth, nor stayed till we,
Poor sinners, stumbled up to Thee,
I thank my God.

Because the Saviour of us all
Lay with the cattle in the stall;
Because the Great comes to the small,
I thank my God.

Because upon a Mother's breast
The Lord of life was laid to rest
And was of babes the loveliest,
I thank my God.

Because the Eternal Infinite
Was once that naked little mite;
Because, O Love, of Christmas night,
I thank my God.

—G. A. Studdert-Kennedy
British Chaplain, World War I

From The Wicket Gate. Used by permission of Harper & Bros.

Reprinted from a Christmas classic—

When Will Christmas Come?

by Joseph Fort Newton

Excerpts from an article in The Atlantic Monthly

Only God could have thought of Christmas. Its beauty is beyond the wit of mortals, so simple in its sublimity, so homey yet so heavenly. On a tapestry woven of stable-straw and starlight it unveils a picture to soften and purify the heart, and to bring us back from a wisdom that is not wise, because it is hard, unholy, and unhopeful. Man would have made it a pageant, its stage directions as follows:—

Array of Great Ones
The Army marches by
Fanfare of trumpets
Enter the King

Our pageants pass and fade, but God works in slower and more secret ways. He blows no trumpet; He rings no bell. He begins within, seeking His ends by quiet growth, and by a strange power that men call weakness, a wisdom mistaken for folly. Man has one answer to every problem—force; but that is not the way of God. He did not send an army to conquer the world; He sent a Babe to make a woman cry. The divine method is different:—

The crowded Inn
A Mother and a Babe
No cradle, but a Manger
A man stunned by wonder
A wandering Star

Such wisdom bends the knee; such beauty breaks the heart—and mends it. It is a scene to sanctify the world, as if to teach us that God enters the life of man by lowly doors, attended by starry ideals and simple shepherd sentiments—'one of the children of the year.' They are wise men who bow at such a shrine, linking a far-off pilgrim star with the cradle of a little Child. By such faith men are truly wise, knowing that no hope is too high, no dream too holy to be fulfilled—even the hope and dream of 'peace on earth among men of good will.'

. . . . . .

Christmas is a prophetic day, looking not so much backward as forward. It is a history of the future, of an order of life not yet attained, of a religion not yet realized.

. . . . . .

Christmas is the theology of a civilization yet to be.

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Air Force "Circuit Rider"

by Richard W. Rhyno

In these days of supersonic aircraft, transcontinental television, and world-wide radio, the horseback parson would seem to be outdated. But a Disciples chaplain stationed at Roslyn Air Force Base, New York, is a circuit rider—and he is anything but obsolete.

Chaplain Eugene Murray's job takes him all over ten Eastern Seaboard states and the District of Columbia to meet Air Force members of all faiths and religious denominations. The greater part of these people live in remote villages or man isolated Air Force outposts. Others have jobs that take them into hard-to-reach areas.

U.S. Air Force Photograph

Chaplain Murray packs his kit bag with Bibles, rosaries and missals, and Jewish prayer books in preparation for his visit to far-flung defense units strung out along the Eastern Seaboard.

Getting to these people constitutes a tough job in itself, but nothing stops this cheery chaplain. When his 1951 Plymouth bogs down in mud or drifted snow, he doggedly pulls on boots and walks to his destination. More than once he has ridden horseback into backwoods spots to reach friends.

Before each trip Chaplain Murray crams his kit bag full of Bibles, rosaries, missals, and Jewish prayer books—unique cargo for a minister of the Disciples of Christ.

The "circuit" he travels takes in so much territory that some families are lucky if Murray reaches them twice a year. But they're glad to see him, and that's what counts.

Children especially look forward to his arrival, for he always has 16 mm. cartoons to delight them. He totes his movie projector wherever he goes for another reason—to show films on religious topics.

When visiting larger communities of Air Force families, Chaplain

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U.S. Air Force Photograph

Chaplain gives religious material to shivering airman assigned to one of the hard-to-reach locations on his "circuit."

Murray calls a "family day." Collecting under one roof as many families as possible, he shows movies and takes the opportunity to offer counseling and help to everyone.

The job of circuit riding, never an easy one, almost overwhelmed Murray at first. The problems confronting him in the first two weeks of traveling were so numerous and complex that he became discouraged.

"I called Chaplain Carpenter, chief of Air Force chaplains, and told him I wanted to quit." Murray smiles at the memory. He urged me —strongly—to reconsider.

"I turned to God for guidance. It became clear that my job had not changed. It was still to bring God to men and men to God—no matter what the obstacles."

That was three years ago. Today this roving chaplain has covered thousands of miles and looks forward to covering thousands more. How does he feel about it?

"I'm probably the happiest man in the Air Force."

SERMON ILLUSTRATIONS

Compiled by J. A. Lacy

The Standard

In April of 1949 H.M.S. "Amethyst" was fired upon by Chinese Communists as she steamed up the Yangtze River. After four months of captivity she escaped by making an eleven-hour dash through the flood-swollen waters of the river to the open sea.

When this Devonport ship sailed back into harbor November 1, she received from her Commander in Chief the signal, "Amethyst, well done; up to standard."

What standard?

The standard, perhaps, of the earlier Amethysts! There had been Amethysts before, seven of them, in the long annals of British naval history. Small ships always, but great in their exploits, and great in the courage and seamanship of the men who manned them.

Here was the latest of the line, and the name "Amethyst" flashing around the world.

"Up to standard," commented the Commander in Chief.

When the Christian goes daily into action, he does well to remember that he too bears a name that has been borne by others before him—and by One especially. Is the name going to be let down? It need not be. We have it on the authority of the Captain himself that when the ship sails home, and when the ship's company are lined up on the Royal Parade of Heaven, the men who have done their job faithfully are going to hear the words "Well done!"

—From *Ashore and Afloat,* the official journal of the Royal Sailors' Rests, reprinted in *Practical Christianity* by the Officers' Christian Union, London

Giving

"There was a river flowing out of Eden to water the garden."—Gen. 2:10 (Smith-Goodspeed).

That seems like a strange statement. One would think that if you are going to water a garden, you ought to have the river flowing *into* the garden, not *out* of it. How much more sensible it would sound to say, "There was a river flowing *into* Eden to water the garden"!

And yet we all know what happens when a body of water has no outlet. Water might flow into the garden and flood the plants in it. Or it might flow into the garden and become a stagnant pool. Such a river would not water the garden. It might only make of it a dead sea unfit for animals or fish, and unfit to water the growing vegetation. The garden is properly watered when the river flows not only into the garden but out of it as well.

This thought has its parallels in our personal lives and in our social relationships. Just as a garden is flooded or starved by a stagnant pool when no water flows out of it, so a

human life is unhappy and frustrated when it thinks only of itself and hoards everything it receives for selfish purposes. "He that saveth his life shall lose it."

On the other hand, just as a garden is watered as it allows some of the inflowing river to flow out again, so a human life that is outgoing in helpfulness and interest in others will itself find fullness and satisfactions which are denied to the one who will not deny himself. "He that loseth his life shall find it."

—Rolland W. Schloerb in *International Journal of Religious Education*

Sin

Sin is a Trojan horse. We welcome it through a breach in our walls as the ancient city did, expectant of happiness, but it has inside it many hostile forces we never suspected, that in the night come creeping out.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick

Remedy for Doubt

The remedy for doubt is to get into the thick of things for Christ. The boys in the bleachers always have more dougbts and more criticism.

We are told that General Sherman often made the comment that when he was at the front leading and directing his troops, he was always full of hope. He was confident that the victory would be won. But when he went to the rear, where the wounded men were being brought back, and where the stragglers and deserters were in evidence, he was filled with fear and depression.

The cowards always see how it is impossible to do something; the courageous dare to try.

—A. Purnell Bailey in *Northern Virginia Daily*

Progress

When I was a boy, my father owned what was known as a railway thresher. There was a revolving platform that was set at an angle of some forty-five degrees. A mule was made to mount upon this platform and to turn it by walking. This mule would walk all day but would not be one inch higher at nightfall than when he first set out. I remember that it often took a hard fight to get that mule started. Why was this the case? I think it was because even a mule knows that if one walks all day he ought to get somewhere. Ours ought to be the joy of going on.

—Clovis G. Chappell, *Living Zestfully* (Abingdon-Cokesbury)

Love

Some years ago Dr. Henry van Dyke went on a fishing trip with two Canadian friends. One of them was Dr. MacDonald, well-known editor of the *Toronto Globe*. They were camping by the banks of the Humber River in Newfoundland. One night while the campfire was burning brightly, they were seated around it conversing. As the light from the fire pushed back the surrounding wall of darkness, Henry

van Dyke said to his comrades, "I have just been recalling one of the greatest experiences of my life—a visit I paid to Lord Tennyson. He very kindly gave me an autographed portrait of himself. I said to him, 'Lord Tennyson, would you mind writing on the back of this picture the verse which you love most of all in your poetry?' And he penned a few lines from *Locksley Hall*."

Then in the Newfoundland night, with the murmur of the river in their ears and the silence of the forest around them, Henry van Dyke recited these lines which Tennyson had written:

Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, which trembling,
Passed in music out of sight.

—John Sutherland Bonnell

Christ Brings Happiness

"I have caused no one to wear black," said Pericles. That takes us part of the way. Never to cause misery, never to provoke anger, never to print the lines of sin around young mouths—that makes for happiness. But Christ aimed at taking us farther. He made the increase of happiness a more positive thing. Not only would he "cause no one to wear black," but in the colorful language of the East he would say to many that he met, "Friend, why hast thou not on a wedding garment?" He would note the absence of joy, the naked emptiness, perhaps, or the shivering fear, and he would wish to change their interior attitude, so that they would leave his company "wearing the garment of praise."

—Leslie S. R. Badham, *These Greatest Things* (Hodder & Stoughton)

Point of View

We ourselves are to decide what we are going to make out of what seems to be Wit's End. At the southern tip of England there is a well known spot called Land's End. And there, almost on the edge of the cliffs, is a house which has a sign reading, "The last house and the first house in England." It is both. It all depends on which way you are looking. If you are facing the sea it is the last house. It is land's end, there is nothing ahead but bleak and barren surroundings, mammoth boulders, and the precipice leaping down to where the sullen sea lapps against the rocks below. It is the last house. It is land's end! But if you turn about, you are facing England's green and pleasant land. Before you is a bower of beauty—Cornwall and Devon, and those other lovely smiling shires, with their storied cities and glorious cathedrals. Then it is the first house, not the last. Land's End can be thought of as either. It depends on the one standing there.

And Wit's End, too, may be the end or the beginning.

—Frederick Brown Harris, *Spirit of the Spirit* (Abingdon-Cokesbury)

AT YOUR SERVICE

• Materials and services available to chaplains

Publications

A free catalogue of worship folders is available from Ecclesiastical Art Press, Louisville 12, Kentucky.

If you'd like to know how your senators and congressmen voted in 1951-52, you can get the record from the Friends Committee on National Legislation, 1000 Eleventh Street, NW., Washington 1, D.C.

A new 144-page catalogue containing all their available supplies, visual aids, Bible and literature material, plus a large selection of books on all subjects, can be obtained, free, by writing to The Methodist Publishing House, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee, or to The Methodist Publishing House nearest you.

Audio-visual Aids

Holy Night is a new approach to the story of the Nativity, beginning with the prophecies of Isaiah and how they were fulfilled. This thirty-minute movie can be had in color for $15.00 per day (during December $22.50) and in black and white for $9.00 per day (during December $15.00). Cathedral Films, 140 N. Hollywood Way, Burbank, California.

THE KINGDOM IS YOURS

by **Louis H. Evans**

Calling for a new realization of the true purpose of life, these thirteen stirring, true-to-the-Bible messages employ one of Christ's greatest texts, "Seek ye the kingdom." The author tells of the rewards for righteous living and of our responsibility to make a personal contribution toward the building of God's Kingdom. $2.50

IN QUEST OF GOD'S POWER

by **Charles L. Allen**

Here are the spiritual answers to the problems of successful Christian living. Showing the way to live happily and securely, Dr. Allen's advice is both sound and easy to follow. His latest preceding book, *Roads to Radiant Living*, sold over 20,000 copies in the last year. $2.50

HERE IS MY METHOD

The Art of Sermon Construction

edited by **Donald Macleod**

Thirteen front-rank preachers, including Ralph W. Sockman, James Gordon Gilkey, and Roderick Bethune, have contributed chapters to this outstanding book. Each describes how he constructs a sermon, showing inspiration, selection, development, etc., and offers, as illustration, a sample sermon. $2.50

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BOOKS . . . *Reviews and News*

(Except as otherwise noted reviews are by the Editor.)

The Silver Chalice

by THOMAS B. COSTAIN

(Reviewed by Alyce M. Mullen)

Taking for his theme the cup Christ used at the Last Supper, the author, who is a popular novelist and historian, unfolds a strangely moving story of the struggles of early Christians in Antioch, Jerusalem, and Rome.

Years have passed since the Resurrection, and the apostles are carrying out the Master's work. Peter, Paul, John, James (the "kinsman" of Jesus), and Jude come into the story. Luke the Physician, who figures prominently in the account, is writing his Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles.

The story centers around a fictitious character, the gifted young sculptor Basil of Antioch. A Greek born of poor parents, he is adopted in childhood by the wealthy Ignatius, who makes the boy his heir.

However, upon the death of Ignatius, his unscrupulous brother manages to have the adoption set aside and sells Basil into slavery. Basil's owner, a mediocre silversmith, capitalizes on the young man's unusual talent.

Later Luke the Physician buys Basil's freedom and takes him to Jerusalem to the home of the wealthy Joseph of Arimathea, a devout Christian. There he is shown the sacred cup and asked to create an outer chalice on which are to be carved the figures of the apostles and Christ himself. It is not only a supremely challenging but also a dangerous task, for animosity toward the Christians is at a peak and they must move in secrecy.

While in Jerusalem, Basil falls in love with Joseph's lovely granddaughter, Deborra, who is a Christian; and is also strongly attracted to the beautiful, pretentious Helena whom he knew when she was a slave in Ignatius' household.

In order to carry out Joseph's assignment, Basil travels extensively to see the various apostles. While he is in Rome searching for Peter, his fame as an artist brings him to the attention of the talented but psychopathic Nero, and for a time he basks in the uncertain favor of the moody emperor. But Helena, also in Rome, becomes angered by his growing indifference and the knowledge of his deep love for the girl Deborra, and denounces him to Nero as a Christian. The grave danger he thus encounters leads to a denouement that brings to its perfection his work on the chalice.

Though a convincing and reverent portrayal, this book is not without its literary flaws. The smooth, almost poetic movement of the story is occasionally interrupted by unduly prolix phrases. Basil is endowed with religious sensibilities that, at times, seem a bit exaggerated for one supposed to be a novice in the faith. On the whole, however, his doubts, misunderstandings, and wonderment show a sympathetic insight into the heart and mind of a young man—any young man—discovering the power of Christ's life on others.

It is noteworthy that the book is almost unique in not containing any lewd phrases or sordid descriptions. Without these literary crutches it succeeds in presenting an absorbing story.

New York, Doubleday & Co., 1952. 533 pp. $3.85.

Faith and Education

by GEORGE A. BUTTRICK

(Reviewed by Edward L. R. Elson)

In four penetrating chapters, the distinguished author and minister of The Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, defines the predicament of modern education and points the way to the central faith for education and all of life. He says: "I am here intent only to trace a blind spot in education, hardly distinguishable from the wider darkness. If Christ has any meaning for life; He has meaning for education. . . . If God is, education must live under the acknowledgment of God."

The author declares that the twentieth century is the only one which has tried to live without an avowed faith. "But when faith is not avowed, it is not escaped; for always men must cleave to some faith. The hidden faith of the early twentieth century has been the cult of success in practical affairs and an arid scientism in matters of mind. The success never dreamed it could be failure, and the scientism never suspected that it was largely the reflection of divergent culture. But now we are driven to reask the primal question: What is the true faith?"

The chief failure is that "education has been naïve about human nature." Not understanding human nature, the needs of the whole man, and consequently the world, have not been met. The romantic doctrine of progress, it is admitted, is not ample, and one of the most heartening signs is the troubled concern of educators for their craft. The cult of "objective truth" is rife with hidden assumptions and the accumulation of facts without meanings attests the need for a return to a true faith. Religion is not a subject to be studied in compartmentalized courses but is an avowal of truth and a way of life which must permeate all of education.

The four chapters: (1) Person, (2) Community, (3) Failure, and (4) Destiny, began as lectures at Austin College, Sherman, Texas, but have been greatly amplified. Dr.

Buttrick writes not as a professional educator but as a sympathetic and understanding scholar, and with an audacious insight into the demands for educational revision. His treatment of the Resurrection and facts of the Christian faith is superb.

"Education, confronting destiny, must choose between a dull stoicism that sees nothing beyond death, or a romanticism which whistles in the dark a broken tune about immortality of influence, or an outright Christian faith." Dr. Buttrick calls for commitment of the whole man in a *"collegium"* bound in faith and friendship in the actual world, the foundation of which is the demonstration of loving "the Lord thy God with all thy heart, . . . and thy neighbor as thyself."

New York and Nashville, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1952. 136 pp. $2.00.

The Counselor in Counseling

by SEWARD HILTNER

(Reviewed by Chaplain James D. Hester)

"Counseling takes place in a relationship between parishioner and pastor. Relationship, parishioner, pastor—all must be studied. And the greatest of these, from the point of view of what we can do to improve our counseling, is the pastor, for the simple reason that we have access to ourselves."

Accepting this hypothesis—that we who attempt counseling can and will examine ourselves to correct our faults—Mr. Hiltner focuses this book on us. In fourteen brief, exact chapters he surveys the faults most common to us all. Not only does he diagnose; he prescribes—and he tells us how to take the medicine.

Those who are studying techniques of counseling and are reading about the disorders we find among our parishioners cannot neglect reading this dissection of the person (you) on the other side of the counseling table.

New York and Nashville, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1952. 188 pp. $2.50

Lord of All Life

by A. IAN BURNETT

(Reviewed by Edward L. R. Elson)

One who must meet the exacting pulpit demands of a discriminating congregation (and they are all that) Sunday after Sunday knows a master craftsman when he meets him. Allowing for the fact that some preachers sound better than they read and others read better than they sound, these sermons by the preacher whom the reviewer has not heard are a rich contribution to the sermonic literature of our generation. Brilliantly conceived, expertly constructed, and forcefully presented in a simple and explicit style free from excessive sentimentality and gaudy verbiage, they are sermons which go to the heart.

Those who heard these messages by the minister of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, must have been moved to better discipleship. Those who now read them will grow

n grace. And the minister who reads them will get a lesson in homiletics.

No man can put his pulpit personality into his manuscript but, in pulpit and print alike, a man can exalt Christ. In the twenty-one sermons of *Lord of All Life,* Dr. Burnett eloquently exalts Jesus Christ. This is topical but systematic biblical preaching based upon solid theology and Christian experience. The first seven sermons on the person of Christ prompt one to aspire to a worthier witness. The reader will not soon forget "The Way of Discipline" and "Faithless Familiarity"; for, as with all great preaching, they are as rich in suggestion as in content. The closing section is a masterful treatment of the Resurrection and a confirming climax to the "Lord of all life" met in earlier pages.

If you read only one book of sermons this year, let this be the book. New York, Rinehart & Co., 1952. 205 pp. $2.50.

Making Prayer Real

by LYNN J. RADCLIFFE

(Reviewed by Joseph C. Dana)

As a man collects rocks from far places and makes them into a pathway to his garden, so Mr. Radcliffe has gathered the meanings and techniques of prayer from the experience of great Christians of all ages and has laid out a pathway from where we are in our prayer life to the garden of the mystic. The first part of this path he calls "The Way of Spiritual Discipline"; the second, "The Way of Illumination"; and the final steps, "The Way of Oneness with God."

The way leads through study that brings God's world and plan into focus. It leads through disciplines that are demanding—some would say far too demanding. It leads through much soul searching and long hours of uncertainty mixed with high satisfaction and growth of the soul in nobility and a Christ-likeness. Finally it leads to a garden that only the very few have ever entered. The great body of believers will always see, as Paul did, "in a mirror dimly"; only the mystic will see "face to face."

The author writes well enough that the ordinary reader can usually follow him. More important, he went through the discipline of making the subject his own before he ventured to write. That he is not able to give solid answers to all the questions he raises is due not so much to his uncertainty in the field as to man's fragmentary knowledge in the whole matter of prayer.

If the book has a fault, it lies in the fact that it lays out a pilgrimage which a man must walk alone. Not even his wife and children can go with him. It can be traveled only in the solitude of the secret place. Its joys are not those of building the Kingdom but those of enjoying God. There are some of us who wonder if this solitary walk is as important and as high a road as the author indicates. Is there not as valid a

prayer life in which families and churches can travel together?

Certainly this book offers an intriguing, even though straitened, path for one who would walk alone with God.

New York and Nashville, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1952. 254 pp. $3.00.

Thunder in January

by H. O. Austin

We are pleased to give recognition to a novel written by a serviceman. The author, a Chief Journalist, won in 1948 the All-Navy Literary Prize for enlisted men, was for three years a member of the staff of *All Hands*, and has been a contributor to *The Link*.

Mr. Austin lived in North Dakota and at one time sailed a cabin cruiser in the Mississippi Delta. With knowledge gained from these experiences and with more than ordinary descriptive ability, he leads his hero along paths he has traveled.

Thunder in January is the story of a North Dakota farm lad who dreamed dreams of pioneering in Ecuador—dreams that led to stark tragedy, which in turn led him to accept religion as life's motivation.

The characters of the book, particularly Old Ed Newton, the father, you will remember as persons you have known.

The story is packed with incidents and homely details that lure the reader into a sense of participation.

Although the author knows more about farming in North Dakota than he knows about sermon content, and although the hero's conversion is not convincing, *Thunder in January* is a very readable book.

New York, Vantage Press, 1952. 198 pp. $3.50.

By the Way

by Francis J. McConnell

(Reviewed by James D. Hester)

Methodist chaplains, ministers missionaries, and lay members wil read this book with keen relish. W who are not of the Methodist heri tage will read it with real pleasur —and profit.

Against the background of th growth of the Methodist Church i the United States, the panorama c the personal events in the life c Bishop McConnell is unfolded: th two are intertwined closely, as th bishop is the son of, and a contri utor to, that growth. Churche schools, church schools, missio stations and fields, denomination machinery, social and political i sues—all are here with the perso ages important to them within th span of the ministry of the man wh tells the gripping story. Histo moves majestically through the pages.

Bishop McConnell has a singul gift for seeing men as they are, a cepting them and working wi them as they are, and depicti them in incisive lines. This abil makes a readable book.

New York and Nashville, Abingd Cokesbury Press, 1952. 286 pp. $3.

THOUGHT-STARTERS

A Department Dedicated To "Priming the Pump"

By Dr. Paul Scherer

How Peace Enters the Soul

Phil. 4:7: *"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."*

Peace is one of those words we often use without knowing too clearly just what it means. The dictionary calls it "a state of tranquility or quiet"; and we think of a calm sea after the storm. Or it's "freedom from civil disturbance or war"; and we think of the rest that comes to weary soldiers and anxious homes. Or at Christmas it is the quiet that spreads over the fields around a little village, like the ineffable stillness of a great love.

But all of this seems such a passive, static thing. You can't speak of any of it as the apostle speaks of the peace he means: a peace that's like a garrison, tramping over the drawbridge and under the portcullis, deploying in the courtyard, and taking up its position on the ramparts, to "keep," to guard, a heart and mind in Christ Jesus. There is nothing about such peace that is motionless, like a stagnant pool; no mere absence of strife and discord and confusion. It isn't the peace of a life that has stopped thinking, or stopped feeling, or stopped struggling. It isn't even the peace of forgiven sin, not that alone, when the record is clean once more.

It is, rather, as Phillips Brooks has said, "the balance between great tasks and great powers. I think we need some such definition before we can ever really understand how peace enters the soul. It is the balance that is struck between the opportunities that come marching toward you through the years, and your ability to meet them fairly and fully. It is the mood of a man who eagerly matches himself with something that calls for his best, and begins to find that his best is adequate.

You don't pursue peace and one day overtake it. It doesn't come on you suddenly out of nowhere like some unaccountable glow of tenderness or the strange flood of a deep content. It follows in the train of your life as you go on living without much thought of it, moving up steadily against the days with your long and equal stride; until it piles

up in every nook and chimneyside of the present like a memory! This is the peace of God, with all creation's clamant burdens pressing down, and underneath the everlasting arms to hold them up!

A Philosophy of Life

II Cor. 13:14: *"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."*

G. K. Chesterton once remarked that if you ever happened to find yourself on the point of renting a room from some landlady, you should not ask her first about the food or the sheets or the price of such accommodations as she might be able to offer. It would be far better and more useful, he said, to fix her with a steady eye and put to her severely this question: Madam, what is your total view of the universe?

And of course he was right! In the long run everything else turns out to be quite secondary. It's your philosophy of life that counts—this is of prime importance.

The New Testament benediction quoted above, which is a sort of threefold idea of God held in solution, not crystallized yet into any doctrine, and with no effort at definition, is just the bare statement of an experience which any man may have of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost. It is not an obstruse philosophy out of touch with life, not simply a revelation to be received on the authority of a Book and recited in a creed, but an insight into the nature of that ultimate reality which underگirds the universe, a judgment of essential values inherent in the very process of living. This that we call today the doctrine of the Trinity is really just a homebody bit of philosophy in its overalls!

Shadows

One afternoon I watched an artist at work. In one sitting she got down on canvas the features of someone I knew. They were all there: contour, proportions, in such detail that it seemed remarkable. But the next moment my heart sank, for it was all just as flat and as empty as only a canvas can be.

Then one day I stood beside her while she put the shadows in; one here, one there; a stroke of grey, a touch of blue, a hint of black. And the face came alive! It seemed about to speak. The magic of it was in the *shadows!*

And that's where the magic of life is. It seems to me that so many of our lives turn out to be inane and vapid just because we try to dodge the things about living that we don't like. We want the light and the spring and the glory of man to believe in. We want the ripple of water and rhythm of words, friendship and warmth and the lovely lines of a Greek vase; while there under it all and over it, are the shadows to give it substance and make it live!

N E W S B R I E F S

GENERAL

The John Milton Society for the Blind, of which Miss Helen Keller is president, is engaged in an effort to bring aid to some thousands of Koreans, mostly children, who have been blinded as a result of the fighting in that country, or by neglect growing out of the war.

One of the Society's plans is to publish a magazine in Korean Braille, to be prepared by a group of Christian workers in Pusan. Already some hundreds of children, refugees, and veterans have learned to read Braille; but there is little for them to read.

A religious program for the visitors to Yellowstone National Park was provided by the General Board of the National Council of

U.S. Navy Photograph

On his world tour visiting chaplains, Dr. Stewart Robinson stops to confer with armed forces chaplains in Hawaii. From left to right in the picture are Chaplain Elmer I. Carriker, USAF; Dr. Robinson; Colonel C. M. Stubbs, USAF; and Chaplain G. A. Rosso, USN.

Churches during the past summer. Seminary students conducted preaching services on Sunday, vesper services during the week, and other religious activities. The program will be extended to other parks each year until all are covered.

Fifty-one million Lutherans in twenty-four countries were represented at the Assembly of the Lutheran World Federation which met in Hanover, Germany, last summer. This international gathering of Lutherans was the fifth and largest in the history of such meetings.

U.S. Marine Corps Photograph

Brigadier General Clayton C. Jerome, commanding general, and Brigadier General Frank H. Lamson-Scribner, deputy commander, were among the first to answer the call of Chaplain Joseph Parker for volunteers to help paint the newly constructed chapel of the First Marine Aircraft Wing in Korea.

The new International Christian University in Japan needs books for its library. If you have any books you would like to donate, please write to Dr. Stanley I. Stuber, JICU Foundation, 44 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

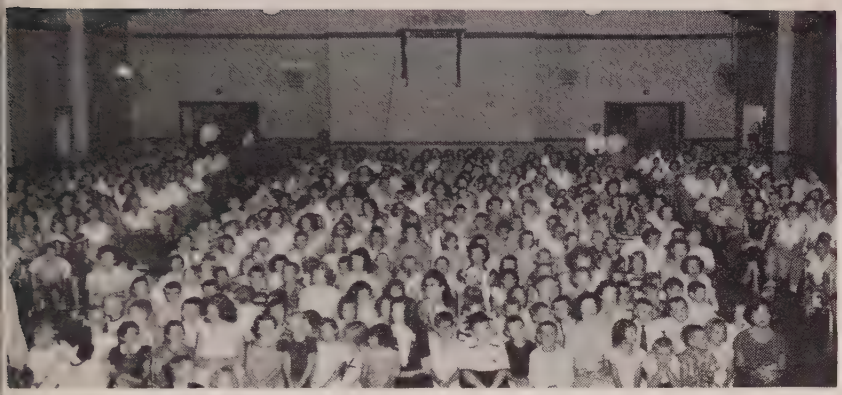
ANNOUNCEMENTS

A new interfaith center, to be known as the "Church of the Crossroads," has been dedicated at Presbyterian Labor Temple in New York City. The congregation has four ministers, of different nationalities, all of whom took part in the dedication exercises, which were under the auspices of the Presbytery of New York.

The ministers are the Rev. Richard E. Evans, senior minister; the Rev. Salvador Bernart, a Puerto Rican; the Rev. Andrew Whang, a Korean, and the Rev. Albert Mangiacapra, an Italian.

"The World in Review," a program of international religious news, features, and commentaries, is now being broadcast over Brazil's most powerful radio station, PRB7 Tamoio, Rio de Janeiro, which transmits on three wave lengths and covers all of Brazil.

Dr. W. H. Berry, who started the program in 1946, believes its popularity is due to the fact that the Catholic Church, through its con-



U.S. Air Force Photograph

Teachers, students, and parents gather at the graduation exercises of the annual Daily Vacation Bible School at the Chaplain Center at Eglin Air Force Base, Florida. Approximately six hundred persons attended, bring to a close what is believed to have been the largest vacation Bible school in the Air Force. Chaplain Walter J. Osborn directed the school.

trol of press and radio, has long kept the Brazilian people in the dark with respect to international religious news.

The creation of an official Board of Social and Economic Relations for the Methodist Church was voted by the church's General Conference.

The new board will make available to the church membership resource material relating to the field of social and economic relations, and will respond to requests of local church groups for information and guidance.

An experimental course in religious television is being given by Yale Divinity School in co-operation with New Haven's station WNHC-TV. The course undertakes to analyze the nature of communication of the Christian faith, the audiences available to religious television, and the subjects suitable for telecasting.

Dr. Liston Pope, dean, said that the course was a "natural extension" of the religious radio course the school has given for the past six years.

PERSONALITIES

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, well-known New York minister, writer, and radio speaker, and his wife, Ruth, are engaged in filming television's first religious husband-and-wife show.

The films, a series of thirteen fifteen-minute programs under the

general title "What's Your Trouble?" are being produced for the broadcasting and film department of the National Council of Churches by Paul F. Heard, Inc., of Hollywood, Calif.

In largely "ad libbed" dialogue, Dr. and Mrs. Peale will demonstrate how spiritual counseling in conjunction with psychology is used to handle human problems at the clinic operated by New York's Marble Collegiate Church, of which Dr. Peale is pastor.

Dr. William W. Edel, president of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and retired Navy chaplain, has become the first American since President Woodrow Wilson to be made an "honorary freeman" of the city of Carlisle, England.

U.S. Navy Photograph

Richard Cleaves (left) takes over the duties of Protestant chaplain for the Naval Receiving Station, Norfolk, Virginia, from Frederick Brink, who has been assigned to Fleet Activities, Sasebo, Japan.

The title, which is the highest honor a city can confere under British laws, was bestowed on Dr. Edel in "appreciation of his activities in advancing international goodwill through literary and educational works and his eminent services in strengthening the ties of friendship" between Carlisle and its namesake city in Pennsylvania.

Carlisle, one of the oldest and most historic cities in Britain, has given the honorary freedom of the city to only twenty-one persons. Field Marshal Montgomery, of Alamein, is one of the five living honorary freemen.

Dr. Gerald E. Knoff, of Chicago, has been named executive secretary of the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches.

Dr. David Norimoto Iino has been appointed to the faculty of the International Christian University in Japan as an instructor in English language and religious director of the ICU Language Institute.

Dr. Iino, who received most of his education in the United States at Auburn Theological Seminary and Boston University, is the author of *Freedom, Justice, Order* and translator of Reinhold Niebuhr's *Fait and History*, Henry N. Wieman's *Atomic Energy and Peace*, and many other books.

Dr. Hermann N. Morse, general secretary of the Board of National

Missions, Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., and for twenty-five years a leader in Protestant home mission circles in all parts of America, is the new moderator of the General Assembly of his denomination.

Dr. Morse has been called "the architect of the National Council of Churches," for he was chairman of the committee that perfected the structure of the council and worked for its adoption.

Dr. Henry Smith Leiper of New York, formerly associate secretary of the World Council of Churches, has assumed duties as the executive secretary of the Missions Council of the Congregational Christian Churches.

Dr. Leiper, a leader in the ecumenical movement for the past twenty-two years, played an important part in the setting up of the World Council of Churches at Amsterdam in 1948.

U.S. Air Force Photograph

Chapain Alfred E. McWilliams and Airman Second Class Ronald G. Willis, U.S. Air Force B-29 Superfort gunner, exchange pleasantries as sleeves are removed from turret-mounted fifty-caliber machine guns. The medium bomber will take off shortly for another night bombing attack in North Korea.

U.S. Air Force Photograph

Claude E. Strait, pictured middle, pulls off his jet helmet after landing at Wethersfield, England, with the Twentieth Fighter-Bomber Wing after becoming the first chaplain in history to cross the Atlantic in a jet plane.

Umeko Kagawa, twenty-two-year-old daughter and youngest child of the famous Japanese evangelist and social worker Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, has entered the Presbyterian (U.S.) Assembly's Training School in Richmond, Virginia, to pursue a two-year course of study to enable her to assist her father.

CHAPLAINS

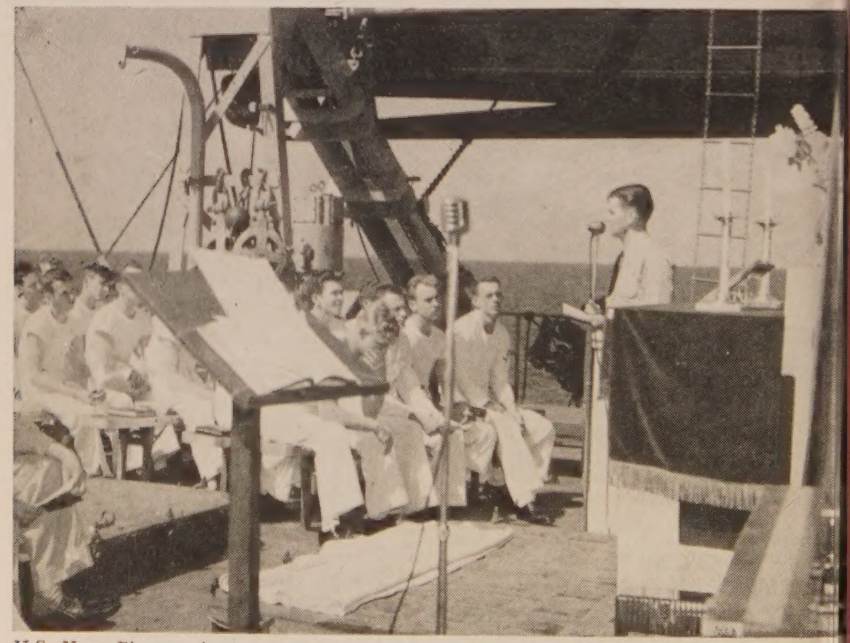
Edward Blaine Harp, Jr., who is with the office of Navy Chief of

You can still secure extra copies of the *Bibliography of Pamphlets Available to Chaplains* which was mailed out with the September-October issue. In order to make the next printing of the booklet representative of all denominations and even more useful to chaplains, please send any supplementary information to Mr. C. D. Giauque, 122 Maryland Ave., NE., Washington 2, D.C.

Chaplains in Washington, D.C., has been promoted to the rank of admiral.

William H. Weitzel, U.S. Army, received, in a rare instance of inter-service recognition, the Marine Commendation Ribbon with Combat "V" from Major General J. T. Selden of the First Marine Division in Korea.

The citation stated that Chaplain Weitzel, while serving full time with an Army ordnance unit, volunteered to fill chaplaincy needs with the marines on the front lines, necessitating frequent trips of as much as fifty miles over dangerous roads in foul weather.



U.S. Navy Photograph

Chaplain Paul W. Reigner conducting services aboard the U.S.S. "Taconic" route to Norfolk, Virginia, from Guantánamo Bay, Cuba.

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All sermons submitted [illegible] General Commission on Chaplains and, if later published, shall be subject to the usual editing • The sermon receiving first prize will be printed in THE CHAPLAIN • If enough excellent sermons are received, they will be published in book form •